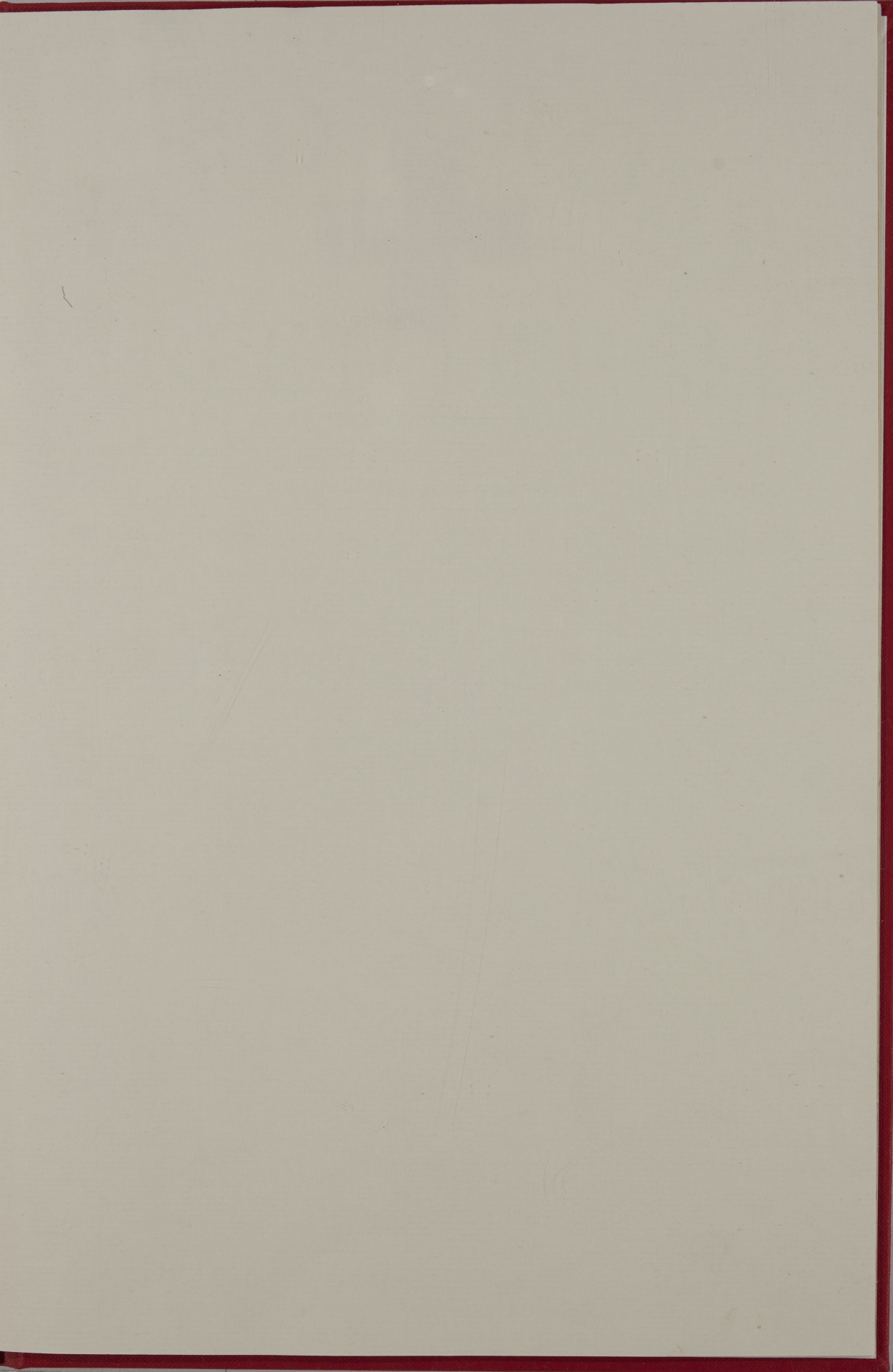




PENCE.

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newspaper.

RED CROSS STREET HERALD

AND QUEENSLAND DRIVE RECORD.

Published in Red Cross Street, Brisbane.

Editor and Publisher: A. LANGLEY SIMMONS.

In the Fourth Year of the Great War.

[Friday, July 26, 1918.

The Red Cross "Carry On" Night.

PRODUCTION OF "ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA,"

GALA NIGHT AT H.M. THEATRE.

The Red Cross "Carry On" night at His Majesty's Theatre left the impression of a carnival night of colour and gaiety.

"NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW."

in every part with people who claim the right for the good cause had prompted the buying of seats at a minimum of a guinea. It was a gala night, with his Excellency the Governor and Lady Gould-Adams at the head of the brilliant gathering. The audience were clearly there to see one another, and to be part of an effort which is claiming the attention of all Queensland in a hundred varied ways. The excellent orchestral concert and the handsomely mounted patriotic pageant were, of course, essential details of the occasion, but only details. So absorbed were the audience in the social glitter and in the splendid financial success which it spelt for the Red Cross Society, that they could not settle to a realisation that Mr. Victor Galway was leading an orchestra such as it is seldom the privilege of Brisbane to hear through performances of some of the most beautiful music that the world knows. The buzz of conversation was a match for most of the music. The works selected included the overture to Nicolò's opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the brilliant "Casse Noisette" suite (Tchaikowsky), and Elgar's "Carillon," with Miss Barbara Sisley, fittingly robed in tragic black, reciting Cammaert's noble lines. On the whole, the orchestra did remarkably well with these exacting numbers, and those who listened enjoyed a feast. Private Peter Dawson had a great reception for a masterly rendering of "Why Do the Nations" from "The Messiah." Not many singers could have equalled the richness of tone, the fluency, and the fire of Mr. Dawson's singing of this excerpt. For

enore he sang with affecting fervour the Kipling ballad, "Follow Me Home." Then the mind of the audience was swung back to the purpose of the entertainment by the auctioning of the handsome vice-regally autographed Red Cross Banner, presented by Messrs. Finney, Isles, and Co. Mr. Langley Simmons, who was cheered in acknowledgment of his zeal as organiser of the night, introduced Mr. Leo. Morgan as the auctioneer of the occasion, Mr. Hugh Ward, who was to have acted, being detained in Sydney by patriotic duties. Mr. St. John then took the stage and

his suggestion of singing the National Anthem in acknowledgment of the good news. The audience then opened their hearts and pockets at Mr. Morgan's summons to an extent that brought £1,000 to the Red Cross coffers before the flag was claimed by Mr. John Hunter, of Sydney. In a preliminary snowball auction of the flag, which yielded something like £800 toward the above total, Mr. Hunter contributed £220, and his final bid for possession of the flag was another £270, an act of generosity that evoked a scene of great enthusiasm. Money came from all quarters, and in any and every amount from a guinea to £100. Another £10 10s. was raised by the sale of pictures of Generals Birdwood, Haig, and Foch, executed by Mrs. F. Spry, and framed by Messrs. Exton and Co.

An interval in the entertainment was used for indulgence in an orgy of streamer throwing. The young ladies who acted as sweet sellers, plied a busy trade selling the streamers, and in a few minutes, the whole auditorium was a beautiful lattice-work in red, white, and blue paper ribbon. The scene was exciting and gay, and shrieks of delight and laughter accompanied the building up of the coloured criss-cross. The pageant had to fight for a beginning against this impromptu attraction, but once it started, the audience was all eyes for the glitter and charm of the stage spectacle. "Advance, Australia" visualised very prettily the resources of the Commonwealth in natural products, for the edification of England. But England in her hour of trial needed more than all these—Australia's sons, and the ready response to the call for sacrifice gave to

the pageant a stirring climax. Mr. A. Desmond Kennedy, Mus. Doc., the honorary producer, gave to the parade of the States' wealth the happy direction of a succession of ballets. For these Mr. Galway and his orchestra provided exquisite music by Mendelssohn, Delibes, Gounod, Verdi, Thomas, Rossini, and others, and prettily dressed children and young ladies, symbolising various products, moved attractively through measures alternately gay and stately. The costuming was extremely pretty, and the stage presented a picture

very cleverly performed by little Miss Catherine Richards (who emerged from a pearl shell), Misses Rosetta Powell, E. Barry, Vivio Ruddle, Hazel Tanner, Phyllis Coakes, Hazel Willcocks, Minty Barry, and Neacra Sampson. The stage was far too small to show to the best advantage the very large number of people taking part in the pageant, but skilful contriving went far to overcome this handicap. The spectacle was smoothly run through, and every feature was vociferously applauded. The leading speaking parts were taken by Miss Barbara Sisley, Mrs. P. J. Symes, Mrs. Douglas Kerr, and Mr. Hugh Gasteen, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Dovey and Miss Nellie Tritton. It was a thrilling moment when the sailors and soldiers added to the throng of corphycs, the whole company, led by the full strength of the orchestra burst into Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory." The pageant over, the theatre was once more scintillating with coloured ribbons, this time passing from the audience to stage. The whole width of the stage was thickly lined with floral and other gifts for participants in the pageant. The National Anthem was rousingly sung at the close of the pageant, and cheers were given for the King and General Birdwood.

TOTAL SUM PAID IN UP TO TO-DAY.

At the moment of writing, over £26,000 is in the hands of the Hon. Treasurer as the result of the Appeal. The result of the drives is not, of course, known, or paid into the Bank, so that it does look as if the objective of £100,000 will be obtained.

Sea Serpents!

"No, Mum, I never saw one, and I don't intend to. I drink nothing except POT STILL

BEENLEIGH RUM,

and if you stick to it, too, Mum, you'll never see a Sea Serpent neither. It's the finest Rum ever drunk on shore or afloat."



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"NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW."

Upon this plea Germany claims that she is entitled—

I. To commit Perjury—(a) By invading and ruining Belgium, a country whose neutrality and independence she has sworn to safeguard. (Treaty of London, 1831; articles 7 and 35); (b) by infringing at her pleasure the Articles of the Hague Conventions relating to warfare, which she has sworn to observe.

II. To Steal—(a) By pillage of household goods on the part of her troops during the invasion of Belgium, France and Serbia, which pillage was organised and conducted by officers; (b) by wholesale removal from Belgium into Germany of the machinery of factories, and raw materials until the country has been virtually stripped of these things.

III. To Make Man and Woman Slaves—(a) By forcing Belgium and French people behind her battle lines to work for her army; (b) by forcing Belgium and French people to make munitions of war for her in Belgium and France; (c) by deporting many thousands of Belgian and French people into Germany and then forcing them to work for her.

IV. T. Torture—(a) By starving into submission those whom she has deported; (b) by brutally ill-treating prisoners of war; (c) by savagely mutilating men, women, and children in Belgium and France.

V. T. Commit Arson—By wholesale burning of Belgian and French towns and villages upon the flimsiest pretext of punishment for "disorder" on the part of the population of the invaded territory.

VI. To Massacre and Murder—(a) By wholesale shooting of hostages taken, in defiance of her own pledge, from Belgian and French towns and villages; (b) by the indiscriminate slaughter of the men,

women, and children of such towns and villages as a punishment for "disorder."

VII. To Commit Crimes Against Women and Girls. As one other part of an organised plan for terrorising invaded territory.

VIII. To commit Judicial Murder—For example, in the cases of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt.

IX. To Commit Piracy—By her use of submarines against enemy and neutral vessels, sinking them at sight and drowning their crews.

X. To Kill Indiscriminately—By dropping bombs from aircrafts on open towns. That Germany was the first of the belligerents to do this is abundantly proved.

XI. To torpedo without warning great steamships crowded with men, women, and children, both enemy and neutral.

XII. To Conspire to Murder—(a) By blowing up munition factories in the United States; (b) by placing bombs in neutral steamships.

XIII. To introduce the use of asphyxiating gas and liquid fire in violation of her own pledge in the Hague Conventions.

XIV. To place living screens of civilians in front of her own attacking troops.

XV. To destroy buildings of priceless historical and artistic value, for instance, Louvain Library.

XVI. To poison wells.

XVII. To torpedo hospital ships without warning, and otherwise make war upon the Red Cross.

If Germany wins the war there will henceforward be no law in Europe any longer. The only test of what is right will be—Does it pay to do these things?

The civilised world means to show that it does not pay to break the law of nations and destroy the very foundations of human freedom and happiness.—From the "Beacon," No. 4.

AMERICA'S ENTRY INTO THE WAR.

"THE GREATEST EVENT IN HISTORY."

The celebration of the Anniversary of America's entry into the war has been observed with every manifestation of enthusiasm by the whole of the Allies. The great function at the London Mansion House on Saturday, April 6th, was probably one of the most striking gatherings that ever took place in that historic building. The speeches of Mr. Balfour and the American Ambassador were masterpieces appropriate to the great occasion. The most interesting fact to members of the Navy League is that within 17 days of the Declaration of War by America United States Warcraft were in co-operation with the British Fleet in British waters.

Not least among the factors of profound value in America's share in the war is the splendid development of sea power which has taken place. The gigantic naval programme which has been undertaken by the American people is without parallel in history as an example of concentrated national effort.

The Navy League offers its earnest congratulations to America on what has been done and looks with fulness of hope to its achievement in the future.

In his speech, Dr. Page, the American Ambassador, well said:—"The Navy came instantly to the rescue of mutual interest at sea and has worked with so perfect co-ordination that the British and American Contingents and personnel are indistinguishable."

This is indeed absolutely true and in the future history of the world nothing will have more far-reaching interest in moulding its destinies than the combined effort of the English-speaking races thus manifested in the first instance through the combination of sea power.

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convenience.

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QUIPS.

The Business Men's Committee has had great meetings at the Brisbane Club. The legs of two well-known legal men in the town have been gently pulled at times, and the result has generally been explosive.

Alderman Maxwell had a great time yesterday marking off the sites of the kiosks. He isn't getting any thinner, and the stooping on the tram lines provided excellent exercise.

The marching of the women in the streets yesterday was certainly finer than that exhibited by their Sydney sisters a few weeks ago. Lady Gould Adams made a pretty picture at the head of the War Nurses who have seen active service. And what a reception they all got.

One of the best is Mr Secretary Brown of the Men's Committee. A solid, hard worker, very thorough and very little time for inefficiency. The Committee did itself well in securing his services.

Another Secretary is Mr. Bickerton. They do say that he has done nothing but dream of women besieging him for the last two months. But the betting is on the Secretary. It would take a very wide-awake damsel to bluff His Secretaryship.

The printers of this paper did a slick thing. The Editor stayed up all Wednesday

night and got the paper together. It was in print by the following Thursday night. Smart work, and well done.

The confetti being sold to-day is all packed in bags bearing the Red Cross. Mind you buy the Red Cross confetti from the Red Cross Confetti Kiosks.

Colonel Moore is another demon for work when he gets off the mark. He and Mr. A. D. Walsh, with Mr. Dent, know quite a lot about bunting and flags by now, and as for running a saluting base, with Mr. E. Gaffney to help—we'll they are IT.

How many cigars does the Hon. Producer of the Pageant smoke, and how many does he twirl round his mouth during the day? He says they help his thinking powers. If they do, they have something to answer for, because they evolved every ballot and dance during the Pageant, and nothing more beautiful has ever been seen here.

Mrs. Desmond-Kennedy has also been a wonderful help, not only during the production of the Pageant, but in helping the Red Cross in the making of the beautiful kiosks in the street to-day. The public little know the remarkable amount of work she has put in for the Red Cross during the last two months.

Messrs. Bowcher and Mackay are billed to appear together at a public meeting before long. All the Business Men's Committee intend taking reserved seats. It will be a most interesting meeting.

PAID HIM OUT.

One of the snipers of the Boche had made himself very objectionable to the boys by picking some of the battalion off while they were engaged in necessary work in the interests of the Empire. The O.C.—who was not specially popular with the team—picked out a couple of the best shots and instructed them to get this particular Fritz. "He's only just missed me more than once," he said. There was some good scouting done, and after a time the Hun was located in a tree, and that was the time for him to make his peace with all persons. One of the Australians fired, and Fritz fell, finished. "There, y' sausage-eatin' swine," said the sharpshooter, "that's wot y' get fer missin' the blanky colonel."

COULD NOT BE DONE.

The boys are not hypercritical of the deliverances of the padres, for most of whom they have a warm affection. But occasionally one of the younger men of the missionaries makes a bad break, and yells of laughter tell him of the accident, too late for him to make a recovery. One of the best of the young chaplains had concluded a rather good address, and rounded off the finish with the appeal:—"If any spark of grace has been kindled by these exercises, we pray Thee water that spark, that it may increase to a flame of holy zeal, and bring forth in great abundance." "Water the spark!" echoed one of the irreverent, and they cut all loose with long-range laughter.

SNAPS AND SNARLS.

Some one in the audience on the great gala night wanted to know why the audience talked so when the beautiful music was being played. No satisfactory answer has been obtained. The whisperers might have given a chance to those who wished to hear music one seldom has the chance of hearing played by and orchestra of 58.

o o o o o

Who said the dresses of the processionists in the great procession yesterday were too low! The regulation height is 8 inches, whereas the majority of those seen yesterday were only 6. It seems a pity to hide a slim ankle. Anyhow they looked "topping."

o o o o o

HER FRESH FAMILY.

Aussie: I met that Lance Dawson, one of the Dawson boys of whom the *Sunday Times* had something to say last week, and knew Sam Dawson pretty well. He was, as the paper said, all man, and it will be a terrible shock to him when he knows that his wife is dead, and his six young children are motherless. Good thing for them, and for him, they are not grandmotherless, and I hope the State will do something good for that grand old woman who has started in to rear another half-dozen youngsters, after raising six sons and giving them to the colours. I know a half-Hun family in the country—half-Hun at heart, I mean,—in which there are nine sons, full grown and fit, and not one of them has enlisted. Men like the Dawsons have fought the fight of carrion of the kind.

ROOM FOR THE CRIPPLES.

Armless: I am glad to see that someone else has noticed the steadfastness with which a number of people in the trams hold down the seats, while poor, returned wounded, and more or less crippled chaps cannot find sitting room. A Melbourne visitor remarks this peculiarity of Sydney folk. I got into the car the other day, and it was pretty full. There was room for me if the others had squeezed up a bit, but the only one who made a move to do this was a half-caste Chinese girl. I spoke to her, and she told me her brother was at the front—and so she felt she ought to do all she could every time she could do anything for a returned man. There are men and women who do the right thing—fathers and mothers, and wives and sisters of fighters. And there are others—and a lot of them!

o o o o o

WHAT HE HELD.

Mended Man: I had a pretty bad time when I got my little lot. I thought I had all the contents of one shell, at any rate, in my frame—and it is wonderful what a lot of tack the doctors take out when they are cleaning a fellow up after he has stopped one of the big ones. How is this for a list of the hardware in an officer operate on after a big fight: Blade of a pocket knife, handle of it, button off his pants, and the screw ring from the head of the shell that got him. All these were taken out of the wound in his thigh. And he got better of it, and I suppose, is back with his chaps. If a fellow in the ordinary routine of life was injured in the way some of them are in the fighting, the shock alone would be fatal. Over there men were blown half to bits and got right.

ONE OF OURS.

No. XIV. Inf.: I have had a letter from a cobbler of mine at the front, and in it he tells me of one of our chaps who has been given one of the rarely-granted decorations, the Order of Leopold of Belgium. And he is not a fighter, in the sense that he gets into the actual gunnery business. He is one of the ambulance-team mob, and if half what the fellow who writes me is true, he is the gamest lad that ever looked through a window. They simply can't keep him back when the boys are going down. He is into the thick of it to get 'em out while there is a chance of doing any good for them. He got the Belgian decoration for a stunt in which he was on the heels of the chaps in a counter-attack, picking them up and giving them first-aid as soon as they hit the ground. Some men, these fellows of the A.M.C.! I will send you his name and photo, when it comes—and I expect it by next mail, for he was a pal of mine.

AFTER THE WAR.

There does not seem to be any good reason why men should not take the chances of the war. Of course, one is liable to be killed there. And he is liable to be killed if he is not there. Also, he may be wounded on the field, and he may be wounded if he never gets any nearer France than Brisbane is. For instance: John Lowry, of Lady-smith (near Wagga), now 22 years old, came home after doing three years with the fighting men of his country. In three years he had been in some tolerably tight places, but he got through. Last week he was out rabbiting, tripped over a stick, his pea-rifle exploded, and the bullet entered his body. He was taken to hospital, and his condition for a few days was critical.

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A small shipment has just arrived.

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THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

The free nations of the world are confronted by a menace the gravity of which cannot be exaggerated. Momentous events are in process. Britain and her Allies are fighting against overwhelming odds to prevent the enslavement of mankind. Faced with this appalling peril the British race turns instinctively in the fulness of faith to our unconquerable Navy. In every dark and fateful crisis of the past Britain has staked its safety and its honour upon its first and last impregnable line of defence—its Sea Power. Never has British Sea Power failed to respond to the confidence and justify the hope of our people. It is the same to-day as it was in the days of the Armada, of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon. The power of the sea is the guardian of our liberties and the ultimate factor, under God's good providence, to prevent the annihilation of human freedom.

It would have been well for the British Empire and for the world if, in the times of peace, in the years which preceded this period of blood and torture, the heart and the mind of Britain were more steadfastly concentrated upon the sea and upon all that the sea means to the unity and prestige of our Island Empire. But this is no time to weep over the criminal folly and the blunderings of the past. This is the moment to steel our souls to achieve greater sacrifices for the sake of all that is nearest and dearest to us. Our abiding strength, our constant consolation, our unquenchable hope rests upon our Fleet. There is no ground for panic or alarm or pessimism. There is at the same time the grinding need to put every ounce of national energy into the winning of the War. Every man, woman and child in

the United Kingdom must bear a share of the burden which weighs alike upon us all. The only sound way to prove our faith in the Navy is to leave nothing undone that can help our fighting men in our devoted Sea Services and in our incomparable Army.

Our Navy is supreme upon the sea. The combined sea power of Britain and her Allies is enormously superior to that of our enemies. The devotion, spirit of sacrifice and professional efficiency of our fighting sailors have never stood at a higher level in the whole of our Island story than they stand in these days of deadly struggle. The German submarine piracy has failed in its attempts to starve us into the acceptance of a German peace. The output of merchant shipping is showing satisfactory improvement from day to day. Our labour troubles have subsided in presence of national danger. The masses of our workers, men and women, are straining every nerve in speeding up production. These being the hard facts of the position, let us, in God's name, set our teeth, bend our backs to our work, and fight on.

GIVE UNTIL IT HURTS.

BY EDWARD W. PICKARD.

"Why do you give so large a proportion of your war contributions to the Red Cross?" I asked a wise, white-haired woman.

"Because," she replied, "I feel that it is the one indispensable cause. The government could raise the necessary billions if the War Loans were not fully subscribed and the War Savings Stamps were not all sold; the soldiers could get along with fewer cigarettes; the sailors would not

suffer much if they did not get comfort kits, for the Navy Department cares for them well; the French and Belgian orphans will not perish for lack of clothing and toys—and so with other most worthy and deserving causes. But it seems to me that the world cannot get along without the activities of the Red Cross and consequently that they must be liberally supported. The horrors of warfare, and the horrors that result from it, would be unbearable were it not for the work done, abroad and at home, by the devoted men and women who wear that blessed emblem on their sleeves.

That is why I give to the Red Cross so much of my small means, and why I believe every one of us should give to it until the giving pinches, and pinches hard. No one deserves any special credit for giving what he does not need, and even when he gives to such causes as the Red Cross so much that he must deprive himself, he has no right to be proud save with the pride of having done his plain duty. In this line lies the opportunity of the man who mourns because his age or physical condition keeps him out of the fighting ranks. If he has any money at all that he can give to the Red Cross, let him give it promptly and freely, and feel that he is actually doing his part towards winning the war."

A RED CROSS MAN.

*Broken with pain and weariness
And sapped with vile disease,
Back to the land of ruined towns,
Of murdered men and trees,
Through Switzerland from Germany
The trains of wreckage ran—
And on the French frontier they found
A Red Cross Man.*
—AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

A FEW TRIBUTES TO THE RED CROSS.

I am a little French girl from Rheims. My father gave his life for France and liberty. My mother and I lived in a cellar two years under bombardment until she was killed by a shell. I am only six. The Red Cross is taking care of me and thousands like me.

o o o

I am an American prisoner in Bavaria where I have been for two months. Because of the Red Cross work through Switzerland real food, soap and other necessities are sent to me. Continue to help the Red Cross and I will continue to be helped while I remain a prisoner.

o o o o

I am an old French woman with two grand-children. For three fearful years we have been behind the German lines. The Hindenburg retreat left us back under the blessed tri-colour. Our village is gone. Our field is spoiled. The good men of the Red Cross have fixed up a home and a school for the boys and have found a new field for me to cultivate. Such help is saving France for a better day.

o o o o

I am a soldier of France, blinded in the battle of Verdun. The wonderful Red Cross women are teaching me to see with my fingers and to work. I have yet much to learn, but with their help I will still be of some use to France and to my family.

o o o o

I am an American boy in public school. My father died when I was little and my two big brothers supported Mother and me. Then one brother was drafted and now the other brother is sick and won't be well enough to work for a long time. But



OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.—The Inaugural Meeting at His Majesty's Theatre.

the Red Cross Home Service will see us through and I shall stay in school.

o o o o

I am a French soldier, detached from the company, and on short leave from my trenches. Covered with mud, broken in spirit, my family lost, my home a ruin. I would have had no heart to carry on "had not the Red Cross given me new life and courage. Good food, warm beds, a chance to rest, wash off the dirt and take a new grip on life—that's what the Red Cross canteens, scattered through France, are giving to your weary fighters.

"The total expenditure is great, but every witness, whether Patient, Surgeon, Nurse, or Commanding Officer, agrees that the benefits conferred, the relief given, the multitudinous services rendered by our great organisation are correspondingly immense, and have become quite indispensable. It is imperative that these activities should be carried on to the very end. This can only be made possible by a generous response to this Appeal, which, as President of the Australian Red Cross Society, I have the honour to address to the people of the Commonwealth."

HELEN MUNRO-FERGUSON,
President Australian Red Cross Society.
3rd April, 1918. (B.R.C.S.)

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For the

A.I.F.

Are Still

WANTED BADLY.

There is yet time for **YOU** to strike
a glorious blow in the cause of
FREEDOM and LIBERTY.

The victor's crown of laurels is await-
ing the glorious return of our Noble
Australian Sailors and Soldiers.

WILL YOU BE ONE.

Think of the March of our returned
VICTORIOUS HEROES
down Queen Street after Peace has
been signed.

What a Day of Days!

BE ONE OF THOSE GALLANTS!

Join To-Day

and become a member of the

Ever Victorious Australian Army.

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RED CROSS RACE MEETING

EAGLE FARM.

To-morrow, Saturday Afternoon.

GENTLEMEN 10/-. LADIES 5/-.

Members are respectfully requested not to use
their Season Tickets.

**Red Cross Street Herald
and Queensland Drive Record.**

FRIDAY, JULY 26TH, 1918.

An Army Without a Gun.

The Red Cross is the greatest instrument
of mercy the world has ever seen. Noble
as the service of mercy and helpfulness
was in past war days, the Red Cross sur-
passes it immeasurably, not only in the
range and variety of its effort, but in
efficiency and effectiveness.

The Red Cross is, we may say, the arms
of the mothers of the world reached out
to their sons to bind up their wounds and
comfort them. The Red Cross is *an army
without a gun* that wages war only upon
suffering and heartache. Where the flag
of the star goes there the banner of the Red
Cross must fly beside it. We watch our
boys go forth to war with a spirit of hope-
fulness because we know that this great
agency of humanity presses close behind
them; that its work is not incidental,
but the intelligent directed effort of one
of the most marvellous organisations ever
contrived by Australian genius.

We have all contributed to the Red
Cross; we shall be called upon again and
again to contribute to its funds. And we
will respond! For this is a war for the
defence of civilization, and we of wide,
free, democratic Australia, have every
intention that it shall be fought with the
army of the Red Cross solidly supporting
our sailors and soldiers.

*Every British citizen should be proud of the
Red Cross. It is daily, indeed, hourly,
giving an example of mercy to the whole world.
Through its operations the suffering of
soldiers and civilians is being alleviated.*

*Queensland people should continue to
support the Red Cross. Through it they
are helping their own men and helping the
Allies. Through it they are making Australia
the symbol of faith and hope in a distracted
world.*

All that we can ever do will never be
enough—we have to give, sacrifice, give
and sacrifice until it hurts. The present
week has afforded Brisbane people the
facility of achieving this end—an end
eminently honourable however it may hurt.
We believe that the call of the Red
Cross is becoming stronger every day,
and every day its call is being answered
more readily. Brisbane will probably long
remember this week as one of hard work
in the local cause of the Red Cross—the
Mother of the World.

RED CROSS STREET.

Surely Brisbane's chief thoroughfare has
never presented such a spectacle as it does
to-day. Its beautiful appearance is the re-
sult of much thought and application,
and, of course, formed a part of the original
scheme for Red Cross Days.

Once the difficulties in connection with
the stoppage of the traffic had been over-
come, it was simply a matter of organizing
the various portions of the work to the best
advantage, and that this has been done is
evident to-day. The Kiosks are of every
description of shape and character and are
emblematic, grotesque, or beautiful—just
as one fancies. It is a great Red Cross Day
for the workers at the numberless kiosks—
there must be at least 2,000 workers assist-
ing directly or indirectly. The labour
involved to furnish the kiosks must have
been immense. As we go to press, the
business being done seems to be excellent,
and, no doubt, to-night, a wonderful
volume of cash will pass to the credit
of the Red Cross Society.

The following is a complete list of the
kiosks:—

BLOCK "A."

George Street to Albert Street.

1. Y.M.C.A. Refreshment Kiosk and Quick
Lunch Counter.
2. Stephens Shire Branch (Jumble).
3. Dancing Doll.
4. Band Stand.
5. Town Hall Kiosk.
6. Red Cross Headquarters (everything
under the sun).
7. Public Servants (everything).
8. Confetti Kiosk.
9. Coorparoo Band (Jumble).
10. Austral Choir and B.A.O.S. Concert
Stand.
11. Y.W.C.A. (Orange Stall).
12. Deaf and Dumb Institute. (Toys and
useful articles.)
13. Ithaca Band (Jumble).
14. Flying Squadron. (Refreshments.)
16. Band Stand.
16. Brisbane Gymnasium Stand.
17. Empire Theatre Concert Stand.

BLOCK "B."

Albert Street to Edward Street.

1. Hamilton Red Cross Branch.
2. Brisbane Caledonian Society.
3. French Red Cross Stall. (*Arc de
Triump.*)
4. B.O.P. Concert Stand.
5. Confetti Kiosk.
6. East Ward Band. (Mixed.)
C.T.A. Mock Court.
7. V.A.D. Jumble.
8. Mrs. J. T. Bell. (Fruit and Mixed.)
9. Toy and Industry Branch. (Articles
made by Soldiers.)
10. Red Cross Executive. (Jumble.)
11. Windsor Branch. (Mixed.)
12. Q.T.C. (Tickets for the Red Cross
Race Meeting to-morrow.)
13. Sock Fund. (Jumble.)
14. Indoosroopilly Branch. (Produce and
mixed.)
15. C.T.A. (King George Silver Wedding
Kiosk and cheap mock auctions.)
16. Q.W.E.L. (Sit down lunch.es)
17. Band Stand.
18. Tramways Branch. (Produce.)
19. Tramways Branch. (Dollar Kiosk.)



"THE ANGEL OF THE BATTLEFIELD."

BLOCK "C."**Edward Street to Creek Street.**

1. Tramways Branch. (Dolls.)
2. (Red Cross Street Herald and Honorary Organiser.)
3. Royal Society of St. George. (Jumble and Mixed.)
4. Kangaroo Point Branch. (Mixed.)
5. State Schools. (Everything.)
6. Toowong Branch. (Jumble.)
7. South Brisbane Branch. (Mixed.)
8. State Recruiting Committee. (War Relic Museum.)
9. Irish Association. (Soft Drinks, Tobacco, Cigarettes and Mixed.)
10. Confetti Kiosk.
11. Cintra Branch. (Mixed.)
12. Sandgate Branch. (Fruit and Jumble.)
13. Kelvin Grove Branch. (Jumble.)
14. Stott's Black Cat Kiosk.
15. Stone's Corner Branch. (Jumble and Concert Party.)
16. Sherwood Branch. (Jumble.)
17. Band Stand.
18. Sunshine Club. (Jumble.)
19. Insurance Staffs. (Fortune Telling, Living Aunt Sally, Concerts, and many other things.)

BLOCK "D."**Creek Street to Preston House.**

1. Insurance Staffs. (Home of Mysteries.)
2. Insurance Staffs. (Side Shows.)
3. Valley and Merthyr Branch. (Jumble.)
4. Confetti Kiosk.
5. Hamilton Girls' Branch. (Everything.)
6. Hawthorn Branch. (Jumble.)
7. Kurilpa Branch. (Jumble.)
8. Mrs. French. (Clothing.)
9. Band Stand. (Jumble.)
10. Clayfield Branch. (Everything.)
11. Red Cross Kitchen. (Sit down lunches.)

THE SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP BADGE DRIVE.

This has been another good source of revenue, an extremely large quantity having been sold. The Drive has had two good points—it is not only a revenue raiser—it also adds greatly to the strength of the Red Cross Society by making many potential sympathisers. Once men and women are incorporated in the movement, and understand its many and vast activities, it is not likely they will again lose their interest in the Society. A very large sum of money has been raised by means of this Special Membership Badge.

STATE ORGANIZATION FOR RED CROSS DAYS.

The State of Queensland has been really wonderful in the way in which it has responded to the great appeal. Ever since last April functions of every conceivable character have been carried through to obtain the large sum of money required this year. A scheme of organization and functions has been sent to each Red Cross Branch throughout Queensland since operations commenced, and many of the schemes have been adopted in the larger cities, and a very large sum of money will result. Queensland will have cause to be proud of the labor put into the 1918 Queensland Special Red Cross Appeal.

THE GREAT RED CROSS HOUSE BADGE DRIVE.

There is no doubt that the Great House Badge Drive has been a great success. Throughout the City of Brisbane thousands of the Red Cross, with Lady Helen's signature, have been sold, while the suburbs although not quite equal in merit, show a large number on the houses. Throughout the State in all the principal cities, the Badge has sold extremely well, and in the far west where the population and dwellings are very scattered, the sale has been distinctly good. The Drive has been a great means of bringing "Grist to Mill," and is even yet doing so.

OBSERVATIONS.

ODD NOTES REGARDING AMERICAN RED CROSS.

By H. E. POOLE.

A fog had settled over the harbour of a small, but important seaport town on the Atlantic Coast of Canada, where the wild winds sweep down from their playground in the Arctic regions. A vessel came slowly through the mist, nosing her way anxiously forward; when without warning the shape of an outbound vessel loomed ahead. A sharp word of command came too late, and the two ships crashed together. With a roar like the rending of Heaven and Earth, the hundreds of tons of gelignite and other hellish implements of war, forming the cargo of one of the ships, burst the bounds which science had wrapped around these incipient elements of destruction—and in one fell stroke of the pen the most tragic incident of the war had been written, and the prosperous town of Halifax swept off the face of the globe. Thousands of mangled forms littered the earth beneath the ruins of the City, telling the story of the "Halifax Disaster." And what, think you, did the Red Cross Society of America do? Send Doctors? Certainly. And nurses, and surgical dressings, and comforts, and clothes and food; why of course! Is that all? Within twenty-four hours of the news being telegraphed to Washington, there had been despatched whole train loads of what? Why, galvanised iron, glass, and timber, and plumbers, and glaziers, and carpenters! Snow and ice and blizzards bombarded and buffeted the hard-pressed City, while the groans of the maimed and blind called piteously for help, and hundreds of men, women and children were perishing of cold. Hardly a roof remained to shelter the hurt, or a window to shut out the biting cold; and so the practical, wonderful, far-seeing organisation, untrammelled by red tape, not waiting for vouchers or instructions, had seen the need of the hour, and had sent whole trains laden with these ordinary, practical, requirements to shelter the victims, while the Red Cross doctors and nurses set about healing their wounds and mending their limbs.

I was in New York at the time, and found in this incident the word I had for months been seeking, by which to express the outstanding characteristic of that great people—*organisation and readiness*.

The growth of the Red Cross Society of America since the outbreak of the war, and the extension of its functions, is one of the marvels of the century. In that country of big things, no individual thing seems too big to be credible. Six months before I reached the States a single effort had yielded \$100,000,000. While I was there, they added 22,000,000 new names to their membership at \$1.00 per head; and since I have returned another \$100,000,000 has been raised. Think of it; in about twelve months \$220,000,000 in voluntary offerings—nearly £45,000,000 in special efforts, apart from the millions of dollars in cash and goods which flow into their banks and depots in the ordinary way.

There is an essential difference (I might almost say a psychological difference, which distinguishes the American from the Australian or Britisher) between their general methods of raising money and ours. It is the application of the "direct method." Here, we too often endeavour to give people value for value when seeking their cash for Red Cross Work. Our women beg fruit from the grower and sugar from the grocer, and by their own labour transform these goods into preserves, then organise a stall

and sell their product to the general public, frequently below its true market value. The general public saves its conscience by buying these articles—but in such a case who is the giver of the money thus raised? Certainly not the public, but the devoted women who do the begging and organise the stall. In the States, the main plea is for cash—dollars, dollars, dollars!! It is the American Public's War, and the American Public is expected to pay. And so when a drive is launched, Washington issues a plea and Washington outlines the general plan; and a mighty army of workers sallies forth to ask for dollars. Broadly speaking, one might paraphrase the old song which says that "men must work while women must sleep," by saying "women must sew while men raise the wind." The striking feature of the American plan is the great proportion of men who engage in the drive. Each State is divided into sections, and each section has its own complete organisation. The Red Cross authorities at Washington appoint the best man they can find in each centre; and he calls his committee together much the same way as we have done on this occasion by having a large Men's Advisory Committee. This

we know it to-day. President Wilson is, of course, its official head; and associated with him in a similar capacity are the leading military and naval authorities, for there, as here, the Society is an integral part of the military organisation. But it was early recognised that what was destined to become the biggest individual business enterprise on earth, called for the best brains in the community; and indeed the best fitted men are picked for the various jobs, whether they can afford to come in an honorary capacity or not. The American Red Cross Society has what would seem to us, a big pay-roll; and if a good man cannot afford to come for nothing, he comes for as small a salary as he can afford to. The Secretary of the New York Chapter, the largest individual Red Cross branch in the world, is an ex-Banker, and is a paid official of the Society. Certainly he receives far less salary than in the practice of his profession; but they had to have a good man and he stood down from his other position to take on the work. The Editor of the Red Cross magazine is also a paid man—a nephew of the famous author of "Looking Backward" (a political work which had a big vogue in Australia twenty



sub-central body (remember it is under the control of Washington) appoints a convenor for each small suburb, until every house in the street in every town is definitely canvassed for membership and cash. The outstanding point is that the man appointed by the authorities in Washington is selected, not because of his previous interest in Red Cross work, but for his distinct fitness for this special task. I firmly believe that this State could be similarly organised from Brisbane headquarters; and that each Branch would speedily recognise that such a plan would not reflect on the work the Branch had already done, but that special ends require special means and methods.

The headquarters of the Red Cross Society is at Washington, and has a wonderful building set in its own grounds, overlooked (as it were) by the great Washington monument, and in close proximity to that other splendid structure, the Pan-American Union Building, erected for the accommodation and comfort of visiting statesmen from the South American Republics, whose sympathy and understanding the United States is most anxious to obtain. The noble entrance of the National headquarters will be observed from the accompanying photograph, and in this splendid building are housed the great Executive which controls war and civilian operations, publicity and information bureaus, finance, industry, and all the multifarious agencies which comprise the Red Cross Society, as

years ago), and he himself an author of no mean ability. He stepped aside for the duration of the war from a highly lucrative journalistic position to conduct this journal; and his contribution to the war is the difference between his old salary and that as Editor of the journal, plus a wonderfully good literary production, the true money value of which, in connection with the many campaigns will probably never be realised. "It pays to pay" is a recognised axiom in business.—and the Red Cross Society of America accepts it as axiomatic in the greatest of all war work. Of course head and shoulders above them all is Henry P. Davidson, a man who as partner in Pierpont Morgan & Co., is credited with having earned a million dollars per annum. This gentleman was appointed by President Wilson as Chairman of the Red Cross movement in America. It was my privilege to hear him address an enormous gathering at the Hippodrome, New York, on his return from France and Great Britain. At this gathering John McCormack, the eminent tenor, also opened his campaign to individually raise \$100,000 for the American Red Cross Society. Mr. Davidson's business training and standing pre-eminently fit him for his great work. In passing it is interesting to note that the head of the American Red Cross in New York is a Mr. Kahn, a German whose accent is undoubted; but I am also sure that he, in common with

millions of others of German birth and parentage, are loyal to the great country of their adoption.

In Washington, I also had the pleasure of meeting Miss Boardman, a wealthy lady who might be termed the "grand old woman" of the American Red Cross movement—referring of course to her length of service in the Cause. The head of the women's section in New York is the Mayoress for the time being, and in Mrs. Mitchell, I met one of the most beautiful women I saw in the States. Her husband, it will be remembered, fell on a French battlefield only a few weeks ago. On his invitation I had a seat on the platform at a great rally in Madison Square Gardens, a building seating 10,000 people, and addressed by Theodore Roosevelt, J. W. Gerard, Ambassador to Berlin, and Morgan Thau, Ambassador to Turkey, and other prominent men.

While the official Red Cross campaigns are primarily devoted to seeking cash donations, of course many individual efforts in other directions are continually being made. I have already referred to John McCormack's special concert effort to raise £20,000 "off his own bat." But the most wonderful effort I witnessed during the whole of my travels was the great Red Cross Pageant at the Metropolitan Opera House, a huge auditorium containing five galleries and seating some 10,000 people. Here, most of the leading members of the theatrical profession conducted an allegorical pageant depicting the rise of the English speaking race, and the violent onslaughts made on civilisation from time to time by the Huns. In the interval, Forbes Robertson, the Eminent English actor, spoke on behalf of Red Cross work.

The most noteworthy feature perhaps of the Red Cross movement in any part of the world is the outstanding recognition which it receives from official and non-official sources. This is an undoubted tribute to the ideals for which the Society stands, and to the manner in which it carries out those ideals. For this merited recognition, no tribute is too high to render to the Press. In the United States, however, apart from the general publicity which the newspapers give the organisation, it receives wonderful support from magazines and story-writers. One of the most informative publications issued in the States is the Royal Geographical Society's magazine, and this has devoted special space to Red Cross operations. The "Saturday Evening Post" also has many articles dealing with the subject, and this and other publications print much information in story form, contributed by writers of National standing. Such a story as "Private McCorkle, Prisoner of War," which appeared in a recent issue of the "Saturday Evening Post," does more to inspire the general public with a knowledge and appreciation of Red Cross efforts, than 100 official publications. In graphic terms it describes the sufferings and horrors of the American prisoners, until his misery was alleviated by the gifts of Red Cross goods, and his mind set at ease by having the news of [his condition carried to his people by means of the Red Cross information bureau.

Few people probably realise the huge operations of the Red Cross in its merchandising department. It must be remembered that many of the most important branches of the Society's work are in foreign countries. On top of all the difficulties of purchase, manufacture and transport, are those of foreign ways, customs, language and money; and to be successful the Society had to establish a complete organisation in France, where these difficulties could be overcome more effectively. The Society does not confine its work to relieving the sufferings of soldiers or giving them comforts; but there is a huge civilian population behind

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the lines in France, Belgium, Italy, Serbia and Russia, whose acute misery can only be mitigated by a body such as this. Consequently its warehouses have to carry not only surgical dressings by the million yards, and appliances and medicine in quantities almost inconceivable; but they have to carry full supplies of women's and children's clothing, food and all the other necessities of a civilian population in travail. It is claimed that in one group of Red Cross warehouses in Paris the stock includes 10,000,000 yards of gauze; 5,000,000 rolls of absorbent cotton; 7,000 tons of food; 7,000 bedsteads; 350,000 blankets; and \$500,000 worth of boots and shoes. This will give some idea of the immensity of this organisation.

Bearing out my statement that, apart from its philanthropy, the Red Cross Society is handled as a business proposition, it is interesting to note that discipline of the severest kind is imposed on paid and voluntary workers. With so many highly placed men doing voluntary work, there was a danger of there being "too many captains and not enough sailors." But it is recorded that at headquarters in France, some of the gentlemen were in the habit of arriving a few minutes late at the regular morning meetings, until one day the Chairman announced that the seat of any gentleman ten minutes late without special reasons would be declared vacant. After that it was alleged that promptness was the order of the day.

In conclusion, if it can be said that there is any silver lining to the black and dismal war cloud, which at present overshadows the earth, it is in the fact that so many noble men and women are still to be found to carry on the work of mercy and of philanthropy, typified by the symbol of the Red Cross.

EXPERIENCES ON THE SERBIAN FRONT.

Lady Gould-Adams recently presided at an illustrated war lecture, in aid of the Red Cross funds, given in the Lyceum Theatre by Dr. Lilian Cooper, who was formerly attached to the Scottish Women's Hospital. Dr. Cooper landed at Salonica in September, 1916, and remained in the war area until August, 1917. She was accompanied by Miss Bedford, who was motor transport officer, having taken over the transport column from Mrs. Harley (sister of Lord French), who was afterwards killed by a shell at Monastir. There was a crowded audience, which listened attentively to the lecture, and to the account Miss Bedford subsequently gave of her branch of the work. Instrumental selections were first given by a quartette party, consisting of Mrs. and the Misses Stuart, and choristers from St. John's Anglican Cathedral sang the Serbian National Anthem. Volunteer aid detachment girls were present, under Mrs. Morgan Baker. Dr. Lilian Cooper, who was decorated with the Serbian Order of St. Sava, gave her hearers a realistic description of her experiences, which included a period of service in charge of a dressing station, some 10 miles nearer the Front than she at first was stationed, and which had to be shifted three times in eight months. Lantern slides made from photographs taken by Dr. Cooper and Miss Bedford, and by friends, gave a closer insight into the work undertaken by the two ladies. The lecture was frequently applauded, and at its close the Governor proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Cooper and Miss Bedford, and also to those who otherwise assisted. Mr. Morgan Baker seconded the motion, which was carried by acclamation,

Yesterday's Great March of Women.

The March of the Women Red Cross workers yesterday was surely one of the most striking things Brisbane has ever seen. A great white-robed army it looked as it wended its way through Queen Street and back again to George Street. The effect of the two bodies marching in contra direction was unique, and added to the splendour of the scene. Brisbane is certainly one of the first cities, if not the first, to witness a march made in this manner.

His Excellency the Governor was on the saluting base, and received the salute from those passing, this salute being "eyes right." The Governor, as representative of His Majesty the King, no doubt appreciated receiving the salute from Lady Goold-Adams. She was cheered as she took her procession of workers down the crowded thoroughfare. There were many well-



Lady Goold-Adams receiving the Badge.

known public people on the saluting base to support His Excellency.

The procession formed up in George and William Streets, and got off the mark on the stroke of eleven. The procession was headed by the war nurses who have seen active service. How the crowd cheered them as they marched in a soldierly manner, full of the dignity of their position. Well might the crowd cheer—they represented the best of our womanhood. Lady Goold-Adams, as President of the Queensland Red Cross Society, followed at the head of the Red Cross Executive and the sub-Committees. These, again, were followed by the many local branches of the Red Cross, and this portion of the procession was completed by the War Nurses Committee.

The second section consisted of other women's organizations, working in some direct or indirect manner to help win the war, and it was a splendid spectacle. Cheers greeted each section and display as they marched along with stately step. This portion of the procession proceeded through Petrie's Right to Ann Street, where it disbanded.

Adjoining the base in a roped-off enclosure was a moving sight—no less than

274 returned wounded men from Kangaroo Point, Rosemount and Enoggera Hospital being brought to the Post Office to witness the procession. They were transported by the Red Cross Transport Motor Corps and taken back after seeing the March Past. The lads received an ovation as they came down Queen Street in the long line of motor cars, and they seemed to thoroughly enjoy the sight of the procession.

To the thousands who filled the side walks it must have come as a revelation that the Red Cross commands the service of so many capable women, many of whom have not only devoted their leisure, but given up almost their whole lives to the relief of wounded soldiers.

A pageant of these ministering angels of suffering was a happy idea, not only charming in its simplicity and the appeal that young womanhood also makes to the hardest as well as the most careless nature, but impressive, dramatic, and provoking of the thought that the legion which never was listed may not go to war, but none the less plays the part of patriotism, and performs it with the devotion and self-sacrifice of the soldier.

The following was the order of the procession:—

- H. Hamilton.
- Hawthorn.
- I. Indooroopilly.
- Ithaca.
- Ipswich.
- K. Kangaroo Point.
- Kedron.
- Kelvin Grove.
- Kurilpa.
- M. Manly.
- Merthyr and Valley.
- Morningside.
- N. Nundah.
- O. Oxley.
- S. Sherwood.
- Stephens Shire.
- Stone's Corner.
- T. Taringa.
- Toowong and Auchenflower.
- Tramways.
- W. Wilston and Newmarket.
- Windsor.
- Y. Yeronga.
- Toys and Industry Section.
- War Nurses Fund Committee.

SECTION 2 (Marching).

- St. George of England.
- 1. Women War Workers of the Royal Society of St. George.
- 2. Batt. Comforts Funds.
- Light Horse.
- Camel.
- Artillery.
- Engineers and Miners.
- Transport.
- Infantry Batt. according to Batt. No.
- Queensland Soldiers' Comforts Fund.
- Naval Cheer Fund.
- Ladies' Harbour Lights Guild.
- Soldiers' Sock Fund.
- 3. Y.M.C.A. Hut Workers.
- Y.W.C.A.
- National Council of Women.
- Church of England Help Society.
- Spinning Guild Workers.
- Coo-ee Cafe Workers.
- Playground Association.
- 4. Windsor Girls' Club.
- Q.W.E.L.
- 5. Beechwood Sewing Circle.
- Queen Alexandra Home and Two Cars.
- Hospital for Sick Children and Lorry.

EMBLEMATIC DISPLAYS.

- 6. French Red Cross Display.
- Joan of Arc Mounted, Six Motor Cars.
- Women's Liberal Club.
- Coo-ee Cafe Lorry.
- Children's Home.
- Prevention of Cruelty.
- 7. Overseas Club Display.
- Creche and Kindergarten Association.
- Brisbane Women's Club.
- Braille Society, Motor.
- 8. Girls' Sunshine Club.
- Brisbane Benevolent Society.
- Ithaca Benevolent.
- Lady Bowen Hospital.
- 9. Queensland Soldiers' Xmas Box Funds (Lorry).
- Women's Committee (Bible Society).
- Queen Alexandra Home for Children.

After the procession, boxes were served out to hundreds of workers by Messrs. Cowie and Hudson, assisted by a willing body of helpers. These workers simply permeated the City, going through the Government Offices, big public buildings, and private offices. Everywhere they met with a hearty welcome, and although it is yet too early to obtain the figures, it is believed that a record City collection has been made. Brisbane had cause to be proud of its women to-day.

SECTION 1.

- LADY GOOLD ADAMS.
- President of Red Cross Society, Queensland Division.
- War Nurses who have seen Active Service.
- Vice-Presidents of the Red Cross Society (Queensland).
- Executive Committee.
- General Committee.
- Receiving and Distributing Committee.
- Hospitals Committee and Allied Sections.
- V.A.D. Committee.
- V.A.D. Detachments.
- Red Cross Kitchen.

RED CROSS BRANCHES.

SECTION 1.

- A. Aspley.
- B. Brisbane, East Ward.
- Brisbane, East Ward.
- Brisbane, North Ward.
- Brisbane, South.
- Bulimba.
- C. Chermiside.
- Cintra.
- Clayfield.
- Coorparoo.
- Corinda.
- E. Enoggera.

"If you can get it to do 20 miles I'm willing to sell it and give the money to the Red Cross," said a motorist fined £2 at Willesden (London), for driving 29 miles an hour.

RED CROSS PEARL NECKLACE.

OVER 800 GEMS SENT IN.

The appeal for pearls for the Red Cross Necklace—an appeal directed to owners of beautiful gems all over the British Empire—has met with a wonderful response so far.

Over 800 pearls have been contributed, some of them valued at as much as £1,500 and £2,000, and the stream of jewels pours steadily in to the jewellers authorized to collect them. The Queen has given a fine pearl from her rare jewels and each of the royal princesses has also given a gem. Princess Victoria, who is the president of the scheme, has given a pearl, and at the first meeting of the ladies of the executive committee expressed the regret that her pearls were not so fine as some of those that had been contributed. The Princess is taking the keenest interest in watching the collection grow in beauty and value, and sends a personally signed acknowledgment to every donor.

Many owners of historic pearls have already sent gems from their collection, and there is a strong feeling among women of the great families of England that in an appeal like the present, where the use to which these jewels will be put is so vital in the alleviation of suffering, heirlooms should not be exempt. The Duchess of Rutland, for instance, has obtained the consent of those concerned with the entail of her house to take from their necklace a pearl, and she said in giving it:—"It makes the necklace forever more interesting, and to make certain that the wonderful reason for its shortening should never be forgotten by future owners, I have written a memorandum to be kept in the family as an interesting historical record. Surely necklaces from which pearls have been taken and given to such a cause will possess a better glamour than ever they had before!"

The wives of the high sheriffs in the different counties are stimulating the appeal in their own districts.

The spirit in which pearls have been and are being given is typified in the action taken independently of each other of many owners of necklaces, who have brought them to one or other of the well-known jewellers and asked them to choose the best pearl from the string for the Red Cross. This generous action has been taken by the owners of quite small strings where there was, perhaps, only one of two of value, as well as by the owners of almost priceless gems. Necklaces, ropes, and strings have alike yielded toll of their best at the call of the Red Cross. The sacrifice to the cause has been equal whether the gem was large or small.

Two gifts with special significance which have not been taken from strings have found their way also to the collection—the pearl tie-pin, given by his sister, Miss Madge Burlison, of the late Mr. Paul Rubens, with whom the idea of the collection originated, and a diamond clasp sent by the Countess of Norbury (who inherited it from her aunt the late Duchess of Sermonetta) in memory of her brother, Captain Bevis Ellis, who was killed on the Somme in 1916. Mothers, wives, and sisters of many who have given their lives for the country have been amongst the earliest contributors, finding a solace to their grief in the knowledge that they are helping to alleviate the sufferings of men who have fought beside their relatives.

Many notable Americans and colonials resident in England have given also valuable pearls, but the stream from the more distant outposts of the Empire has not yet been seen in its full strength. The "younger" pearls of more recent discovery that are known to be in existence in the colonies and the Dominions are of

great beauty and value, and it is expected that the call of the Red Cross, whose needs are so heavily increased during the present terrible conflict, will be answered as generously overseas as it has been at home.

The Rajahs of India, whose jewel caskets contain some of the rarest gems in the world, and who again and again have shown their great sympathy in many generous ways since the beginning of the war, will be invited to help to make the Red Cross Necklace the greatest assembly of pearls that has ever been made. The Bank of India will hold their contributions in safe keeping until a propitious moment arrives for sending them to England.

"I remember a case the other day," said a detective, "which is interesting in its revelation of woman's truthfulness—the case of a husband who had disappeared."

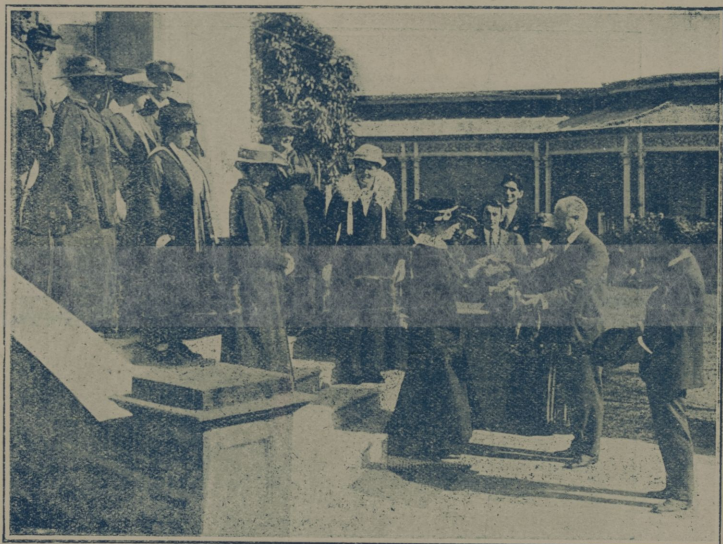
"Questioning the wife, I said to her:—'"And now, madam, tell me—this is very important—tell me what your husband's very last words were when he left?'"

"His last words," the truthful creature answered, with a blush, "were: 'For Heaven's sake, shut up!'"

A CANDID CRITIC.

SAYS A FEW WORDS TO COLD FEET.

A West Australian paper quotes this from the speech of a recruiting officer of that State: "I'm here to tell you what I think of you, which isn't much. The trouble with you is you've all too little to do and you do less. You come here because you haven't brains enough to know how to spend your spare time. There's three free shows here this afternoon—there's me and the Labour mob and that long-haired evangelist. I've got the crowd to-day because I understand you and talk bally rot, and that pleases you! Over against the beerhouse there's about seven men and two dogs. The seven men are there because it's their job, and the two dogs are there because they think there's rats in the beerhouse. And the evangelist who is the only sensible man on the ground—bar me—hasn't a soul near him. He's addressin' empty space. I've done a lot of spouting in my time, but I never spoke to empty spaces—with the exception of the empty spaces under your hats! Now you know what I think of you!"



Lady Gould-Adams Purchasing the First Red Cross House Badge.

OUR LITTLE PAPER.

We trust that this one day publication of the *Red Cross Street Herald* meets with your approval. It was intended not only as a means of obtaining money for the cause we are all working so hard for to-day, but also to provide a memento of a stirring week's patriotic work. Mementos of this character have the risk of becoming valuable. The *Allies' Gazette*, which we published in connection with the first *Allies' City* in Market Square in 1916, has already a big premium on it. We know of £7 10s. being refused for a complete set of that publication, and no doubt in years to come, this little paper will be equally valuable as a memento of what Brisbane did during the fourth year of the Great War to augment the Red Cross Funds. May it be suggested that a copy of the paper will be much appreciated by the Boys at the Front, so send it along to them, and let them read what a state of turmoil the respectable City of Brisbane was in on July 26th, in the year of our Lord 1918, so that they should not want for the material things when they meet their great ordeal.

GREAT NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

The good news pouring in from the other side of the world should make us open our purses to-day with a liberal heart full of thankfulness. It does look now as if the tide has turned, and from now on, without being too optimistic, we can look forward with every confidence to full and complete victory. Our own lads are having their full share in the great struggle, and when in the fullness of time their return is vouchsafed to us—why, all the patriotic days we have ever had will not compare with that great day.

A story is going the rounds concerning the inquiry instituted by Lord Devonport into the best method of checking extravagance in restaurants and hotels.

Amongst the many witnesses called before the committee was a certain stolid-looking waiter. The particular article of food under discussion at the moment happened to be margarine, and one of the members asked, incidentally:—

"How do you call it in the restaurant business—'margarine' or 'marjorine'?"

"Neither, sir," blandly replied the waiter "we call it 'butter'!"

THE FRENCH RED CROSS.

You Australian in your own home, sitting in a warm, comfortable room, have just enjoyed a good dinner, and feel at peace with the world. Your wife and children have joined you round the fire. Outside it is blowing a gale, and the rain is beating furiously against the window. A soft-knock comes at your room door, and it slowly opens. A French soldier is standing on the threshold. His clothes are mud-stained, and some blood patches are on them. His steel helmet, held firmly by a chin-strap, is badly dented. His rifle is banded across his shoulders, and his bayonet is in its sheath. Bombs are slung around his waistbelt. He salutes with a courtesy innate in all sons of France.

"Monsieur et madame," he says. "I make this intrusion in your home in order to ask for your help. Outside, there in the wood beyond, lie two of my comrades, who have been injured by shells of the enemy, and a third is sick unto death. I

two-pence halfpenny for the French Red Cross Society, which will make the soldier's daily risk a little easier. It is for you, literally for you, that the risk is being taken. You pay for your amusements when you go to the theatre, pictures, races, the show, or whatever else you patronise. Surely you can afford to pay a similar amount to the French Red Cross Society to help the gallant French Soldiers.

"TON FOR TON."

COMPENSATION FOR SUBMARINE LOSSES.

(From *The Navy*, the official organ of the Navy League, February, 1918.)

The readers of this magazine who have followed the persistent demand made by the Navy League for a declaration of policy on the part of His Majesty's Government that there should be full reparation made by the enemy for merchant shipping losses on the basis of ton for ton of equivalent values, will be interesting to read the

"In consequence of this monstrous programme, it is imperatively necessary to create in all the countries at war with Germany a public opinion and demand which, in the expected event of her defeat, shall impel the negotiators of peace to see to it that Germany shall replace, ship for ship, or ton for ton, or pay the cost of replacement, as the Allies may prescribe, every merchant vessel of the Allies unlawfully sunk by her submarines during the war. In this way, and in this way only, can she be taught that her revolting inhumanity does not pay.

"Another reason for this indispensable condition in the terms of peace is to prevent her piratical and murderous use of this new weapon from becoming a precedent in future wars. This reason by itself will abundantly warrant a procedure which, otherwise, might appear to savour of revenge and unnecessary harshness.

"It is, indeed, barely possible that, if brought home to her, a knowledge of this resolve by her enemies would somewhat tend to curb her lust for sinking merchantmen and drowning women and children."

AUSTRALIAN PRISONERS OF WAR.

It is absolutely untrue that the Australian Red Cross Society asks for payment for any of the parcels of food or clothing which they send regularly to every Australian Prisoner of War.

These parcels are sent entirely at the expense of the Australian Red Cross Society, and neither any Australian Prisoner of War, nor anyone dependent on him, is compelled to pay anything for any of these parcels.

If an Australian Prisoner of War wishes to buy anything extra beyond what is contained in these Red Cross parcels, he can, if he likes, allot a small part of his pay to the Australian Red Cross Society in London, and they spend this small allotment in buying something extra for the man.

If a man chooses to make such an allotment of his pay, the amount allotted is deducted from the soldier's pay, but no Prisoner of War need make any such allotment unless he likes.

A matter which very closely concerns us in Australia was brought out in an article by Mr. Hector C. Bywater, in a recent issue of *The Navy*, the Navy League's official organ. In concluding the article, Mr. Bywater says:—

Pace Mr. Churchill and the offensive *outrance* school, we cannot dig out the High Sea Fleet. Therefore it must be watched and contained—not blockaded, for blockade would imply denying it the opportunity of seeking a battle, which is the very last thing the Grand Fleet wishes to deny it. It would simplify matters very much if Admiral Scheer would come out and fight a pitched battle, for the destruction of his fleet would clarify the whole naval situation and enable us to undertake many operations which are not permissible while the High Sea Fleet is "in being." But Admiral Scheer is not concerned to serve our interests. He knows full well that his country is deriving certain advantages from the mere existence of his fleet, even though it is in a state of suspended animation. It remains a potential menace to the command of the narrow seas, and until that menace has been entirely removed the German High Sea Fleet will continue to have the first claim on the attention of the Naval War Staff.



Lady Gould-Adams Affixing the Badge.

ask you for assistance. You need not come out into the boisterous night, neither you, monsieur, nor madame, nor your children. All I ask is a little money. With that I can get the help my compatriots so sorely need. See I hold out my helmet, and beseech you. For the sake of Bon Dieu put in it what you can afford, however little. I ask nothing more. With what you give I can get the help that will bind up the wounds of my companions, and cure the sickness of the others. Can you find it in your heart to resist my appeal?"

He has gone, back to his stricken comrades. Did you let him go empty-handed?

This is the direct and simple question the French Red Cross is asking of us all for the remainder of the month. Oh! comfortable and well-protected Australian, put your hand in your pocket, now, now, and send all that you can afford, and even more, away at once to the hon. treasurer, at 406 Collins Street, for our debt to the gallant soldiers of France cannot be estimated, and can never be repaid.

The French soldier risks his life for five sous a day of twenty-four hours. What do you earn? Surely you can afford

following leading article which appears in the "New York Times":—

"The Allies in general, and the American people in particular, should never lose sight of the fact that the ruthless campaign, whaged by Germany against all shipping whether belligerent or neutral, has two very distinct and different objects in view, one military, the other sordidly commercial. The first is to prevent the shipment across the Atlantic of troops, supplies, and munitions. It is the barbarous methods by which this purpose is sought to be achieved, rather than the purpose itself, that all civilisation resents.

"Germany's second object is so shocking, so repulsive in its nature, that only the most positive evidence justifies belief in its existence. It is cynically admitted, although not loudly proclaimed, that she means, as far as possible, to destroy every vessel now afloat, no matter under what flag, so that, at the end of the war, she, alone among the nations, shall possess a numerous mercantile marine with which she calmly proposes to secure a practical monopoly of the world's seaborne commerce. To this end she is building merchantmen as fast as her war needs permit.

AMAZING VALOUR OF AUSTRALIANS.**MEN DIE AT GUNS.****FOE'S ADMIRATION EVOKED.**

The above is part of a cable message received from a British war correspondent last week. What must we, their friends, think of the Australian soldiers when even their hate-fired enemies admire them for their amazing valour?

Such a message will surely thrill every reader, but the cost in blood and suffering will be dreadful, and the consequent demands upon our Red Cross organisation at the other side of the world will be heavier than ever.

We, in Queensland, must plumb our patriotism to its very depth so that the needs of the Red Cross may be freely and quickly provided for.

GIVE—Give Generously—Give Speedily

THE WINNERS.

By Laurence Horsman.

We stand one with the men that died
Come dawn, come dark, we have these
beside

Living or dead we are comrades all.
Our battles are won by the men that fall.

He who died quick with his face to the foe,
In the heart of a friend must needs die
slow;

Over his grave shall be heard the call,
The battle is won by the men that fall.

For a dead man leaves us work to do,
Your heart is so full that you fight for two;
And the dead man's aim is the best of all,
The battle is won by the men that fall.

O lads, dear lads, who were loyal and true
The worst of the fight was borne by you;
So the word shall go to cottage and hall,
Our battles are won by the men that fall.

When peace dawns over the country side,
Our thanks shall be to the lads that died.
O quiet hearts, can you hear us tell
How peace was won by the men that fell.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits
brave,

There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

THE WOOL BRIGADE.

In Laidlaw Leed's "Optimist" I notice
the following lines:—

We can't carry rifle and bayonet,

Although if the need arose

I guess we should do our duty

In driving back our foes.

Our weapons are four bright needles,

Our bullets are balls of wool,

We're knitting socks for the soldiers,

The soldiers of John Bull.

We can't go to fight the Germans,

Our men are doing that well;

But we're doing our bit for the soldiers

Who are facing the shot and shell;

We can't go nursing the wounded,

So we knit on undismayed;

And we'll send the socks with love

From the girls of the Wool Brigade.

Have you joined the Wool Brigade yet?
What about a recruiting campaign to get
at least five others to join you in this
good work?



*A practical gift
that every soldier
thoroughly appreciates*

For your Soldier friend a Vest Pocket Kodak

When your soldier friend is at the front you will often be longing for a glimpse of him, just as he will be longing for a peep of home. Give him a Soldier's Kodak—the little Vest Pocket Kodak—and he will send you back many interesting snapshots of himself and his doings. Get one yourself, too, and send him pictures to cheer him up and keep him in touch with you.

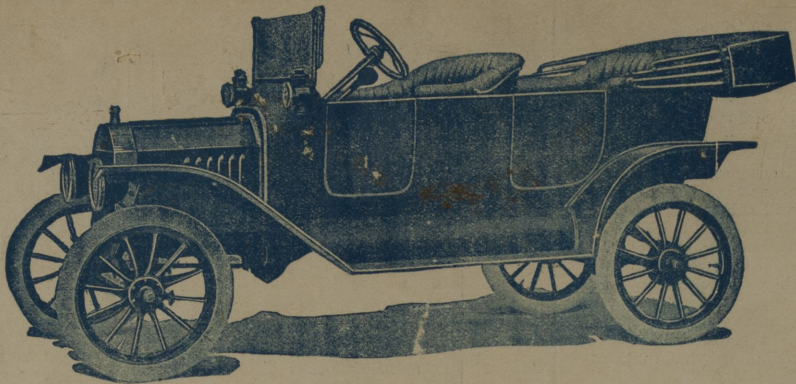
The Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak is very strong—being made of aluminium and steel. All exposed parts have a smooth, black, and rustproof enamel finish.

You can learn to use one in half an hour. It needs no focussing and is always ready.

It compresses a wide view into a little picture— $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. You can then make enlargements of any reasonable size you desire. Price 37/6.

Call and inspect this fine little camera for yourself. Demonstration willingly given by any Kodak dealer, or

KODAK (Australasia) LTD. Incorporating Baker & Rouse, Prop. Ltd.
250-252 Queen Street, Brisbane. And all States and N.Z.



The Weather Troubles No Car Owners Less Than It Does the FORD Owner.

From Wheel to Cover the FORD is built to give the maximum service with the least trouble.

It takes something more than a torrential downpour to put the FORD out of Commission.

See the New Refinements that have been added to the FORD.

Note the clean cut Streamline body, the Domed Radiator, the Crown Fender, the Scuttle Dash.

The FORD is still the easiest to buy and easiest to run.

Full information, prices and free Descriptive Booklets on request.

Genuine "FORD" Parts Are Sold Only by Accredited "FORD" Agents.

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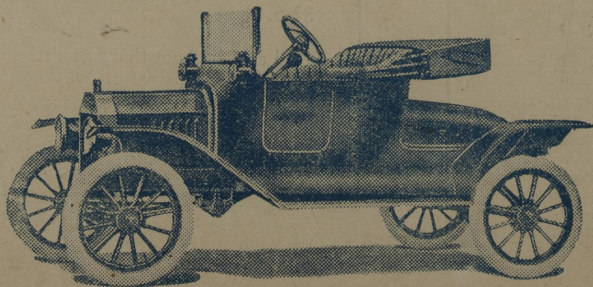
Avoid cheap, worthless substitutes, they cannot give satisfaction.

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EASIEST TO
RUN.



CHEAPEST TO
BUY.



